

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

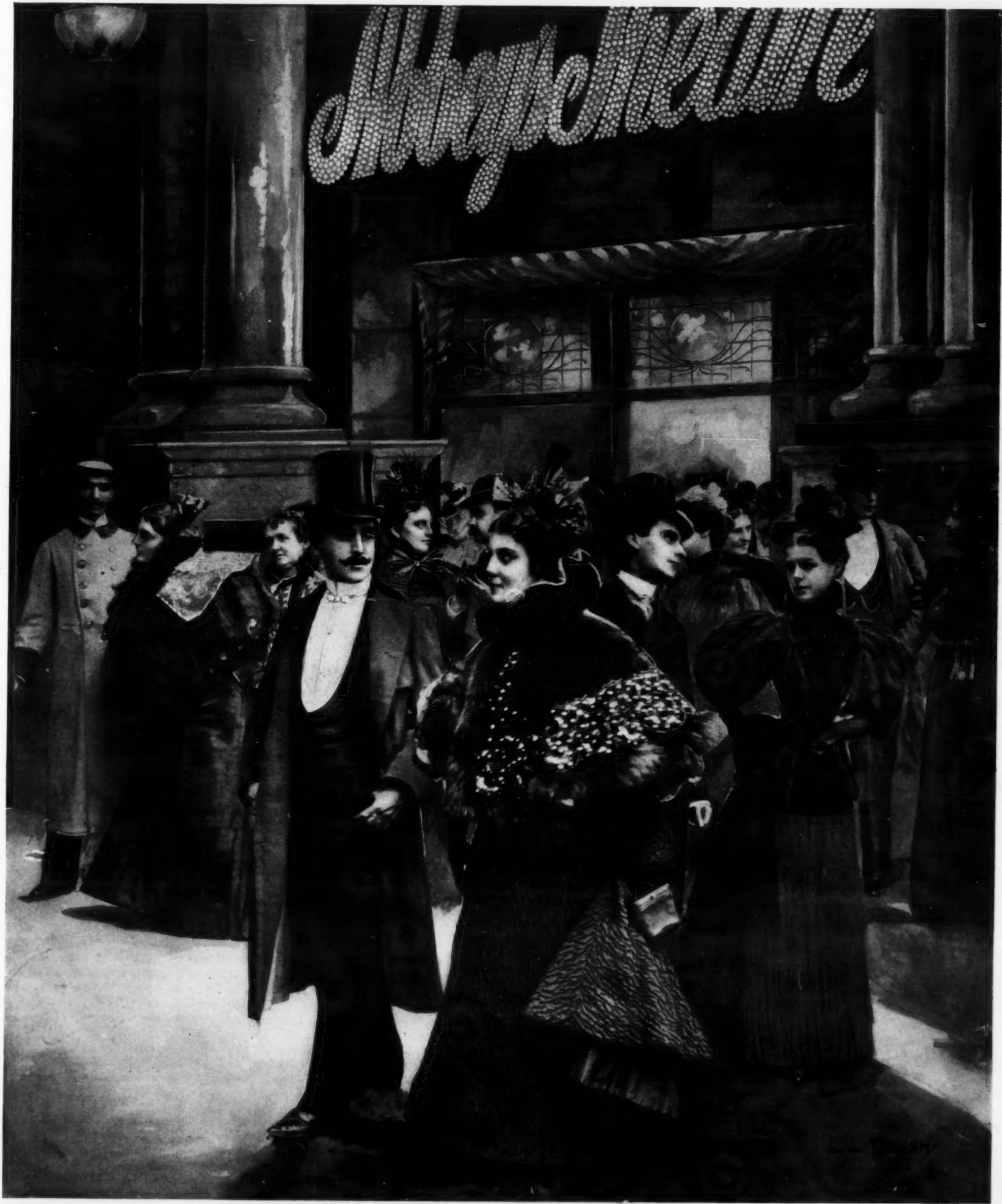
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AFTER THE PLAY.

[SEE PAGE 29.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Sober Second Thought.

THE sober second thought of the country has asserted itself, and we are not going to war with England in behalf of a distorted interpretation of the Monroe doctrine. People are beginning to understand that that doctrine has no possible application to the Venezuela case, and that when the President declared the enforcement of his particular view to be "important to our peace and safety as a nation, and essential to the integrity of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government," he indulged in the wildest sort of nonsense. Our safety—the security of this great people—endangered by the occupation by Great Britain of three hundred square miles of territory fifteen hundred miles away! Has anybody ever regarded the English provinces on our northern border as a menace? Has our institutional life been disturbed or affected in the least by their influence? When, in his earlier days, Mr. Cleveland filled the honorable office of sheriff of Erie County, did he ever feel any alarm as to "the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government" because of the alien British population just across the line?

The Monroe doctrine is one thing; Mr. Cleveland's statement of it is another thing. In the meaning given it by its founder the doctrine will be maintained. But nothing that Great Britain has so far done or threatened to do involves any invasion of that doctrine, and we are not going to commit the monumental folly of treating as a "willful aggression upon our rights" any extension of boundary which a commission of our own appointment may declare to be unauthorized, and resorting to shotted guns, slaughter and devastation for the vindication of imaginary "interests."

The Monroe doctrine is a statement that two well-known doctrines of international law applied to the Spanish American republics in 1823. These were: First, that the period during which, by international law, the territory of those republics had been open to colonization, with the effect of transferring the political sovereignty over the territory so colonized to the European government whose subjects colonized them, had elapsed; secondly, that the period during which Spain or the Holy Alliance could intervene to regulate their form of government in the interest of monarchical principles had also elapsed.

Both these statements are the utterance of a fact, but the fact which they utter is a fact concerning the law; just as the assertion that a minor has come of age, or that two persons have married, or that five have formed a corporation, is the statement of a legal fact, and not merely of an historical event.

The statement assumes that there is a period when countries savagely inhabited like the Americas, for a century or more after 1492, are open to discovery and settlement by all nations; that so long as this period lasts the country which first discovers or explores these savage lands takes the preliminary step toward acquiring political sovereignty over such territory. To the extent that it follows up discovery and exploration by colonization and settlement, it perfects its title and acquires political jurisdiction. The author who most clearly states these points is Vattel, and his work on "The Law of Nations" was so largely in the public mind that a translation into English was published at Number 35 Hanover Square, in New York City, as early as 1787, when very few works were printed in America, save such as were deemed to be of the first importance and likeliest to claim wide attention.

But Vattel also states, with equal emphasis, that this right to obtain political jurisdiction by colonization does not apply to the lands left vacant and unoccupied within a country having a recognized government, but only to savage lands which had no common master. It was a right, therefore, which by its terms would cease in lands once savage and having no common master, whenever a stable form of government had been established over them, whether its form were monarchical or republican.

President Monroe's first statement in propounding what is called the Monroe doctrine was, in all its warp, woof, and filling, a doctrine furnished complete to his hand by Vattel, Montesquieu, and whatever other writers on international law had discussed it. All that Monroe did was to affirm the fact that the South American republics, having vindicated their independence by successful resistance to Spanish arms until all effort to subdue them had ceased, were as much entitled to protect their unoccupied and vacant lands from colonization, or, rather, from any transfer of

political jurisdiction over them by such colonization by European Powers, as Great Britain was entitled to protect any unoccupied and vacant sand-dunes or marshes or forests within the British Islands from a like transfer of political jurisdiction by colonization. He announced a clearly-understood doctrine of international law, well settled and undisputed in all its terms, and the only feature in his statement which was new or was fact, was that by virtue of their recent establishment of governments this doctrine applied to the then new Spanish-American republics. Moreover, the United States would protect by force the doctrine that these new republics were entitled to their rights under international law as truly as the older nations.

The second doctrine propounded was that, inasmuch as a so-called Holy Alliance had been formed among European monarchies, whose function seemed to be to protect the monarchical principle against republican innovation, and had been efficient in restoring monarchical forms in France and elsewhere where attempts at a republican form of government had been made, the United States gave notice that the American continents could not be made the theatre of any such anti-republican measures without incurring the protest and hostility of the only American republic for whom European governments would be likely to feel much respect.

President Monroe did not deny the principle that without violation of international law monarchies could uphold monarchies, in Europe. But he sought to emphasize as its natural corollary that republics would defend republicanism on the American continent.

One does not have to look far below the surface to perceive that this also was only an affirmation of the doctrine which the history of Europe had so often illustrated, that nations had an international right to prefer their own institutions to principles subversive of them. It was only new in affirming that the United States would exercise the same preference for republican institutions among its American neighbors as the allied Powers of Europe had so recently exercised in favor of monarchy.

It is only necessary to know exactly what the Monroe doctrine really was to see that it was not only excellent law, but that, properly understood, it involves no doctrine that any European Power is now calling in question.

The doctrine that the American republic propose to exercise a sort of paternal supervision of all the American republics—to make their quarrels, right or wrong, its own—is one to which President Monroe would have been among the last to give his sanction. Such a doctrine would be a violation of international law which would involve the ultimate conquest and absorption of the very states we should seek to protect.

The Boston Woman and the New York Woman.



It is conceded that there is no American city which possesses more marked characteristics than Boston. Its admirers claim for it more conscience and more brains than are to be found in all the other cities of the land put together. As these admirers are usually residents or natives of Boston, their views may be suspected of bias; but everybody admits that Boston is a great and peculiar city.

In such a place one would expect to find an uncommon type of womanhood—and he will not be disappointed. The Boston woman is famous throughout two continents. So is the New York woman; but the glory of these two stars is essentially unlike. Many people have asserted that the chief differences between them are that the Boston woman wears spectacles and carries a bag, while the New York woman does not. These are, however, only the trivial outward signs of great soul divergences.

The eyes of the New York woman are more generally sound than those of her Boston sister; but while the latter wears spectacles for her nearsightedness or astigmatism, the former wears eye-glasses. Spectacles are better for the sight, but eye-glasses are more becoming. Health and the everlasting right are paramount considerations to the Boston woman; but her sister of Manhattan never allows anything for an instant to obscure her profound conviction that it is her duty to look her best, though the heavens fall.

The Boston woman's bag stands for the lost pocket—a practical monument which proclaims her sturdy adherence to her rights, in spite of the influential opposition of "Modes." The New York woman prefers to go without anything rather than to transgress conventionality. It is true that she has no pocket, but she ingeniously tucks her car-fare into her glove, and her handkerchief into her girdle (whence it usually gets lost before she returns to her home). It is true that she cannot carry works like "Degeneration" or "Social Evolution" in her glove or her belt, and that some book of solid proportions forms the principal contents of the Boston woman's ridiculed bag, but then her metropolitan sister hasn't any use for the book—so why should she wish to carry it?

The ancestors of the New York woman lived in phlegmatic Dutch calm in a grand and solidly built mansion on

the banks of the Hudson. The New England woman's lived in a shabby farm-house on a wind-swept seaside hill. While the Dutch women of the last century were airing their brocaded gowns and polishing their silver candlesticks, their New England feminine contemporaries were studying theology and writing poetry. The Dutch woman's housekeeping was the end and aim of her existence. The New England woman's was reduced to its utmost simplicity in order that she might have more time for meeting-going and for reading. To this day, the old Dutch veneration for property colors the vision of her twentieth-century descendant. The Boston woman asks first concerning education—last, concerning wealth. She doesn't care in what glory a certain woman's great-grandmother went to Governor Clinton's state ball (though it is true that she preserves carefully the silver taffeta in which one of her own ancestresses appeared at Washington's first inauguration); first, she wants to know, has the creature brains, and does she do her duty in the station in which Providence has been pleased to place her?

It may be true that the Boston woman is dowdy while the New York woman is trim; that the Boston woman is awkward while the New York woman is graceful; that the Boston woman is sober while the New York woman is vivacious; that the Boston woman's motto is

"—to the sentinel"

The hour is regal when he mounts his guard."

while the New York woman adopts Dolly Madison's "Nothing matters very much." The Boston woman may not be able to get her bonnet on straight, but she never says "to you and I"—like some of her accomplished New York sisters—nor, like them, "excepts" with pleasure a beautiful "presant."

On account of these slight differentiations, the Boston woman sometimes feels a scorn for her light-minded sister; but the New York woman does not mind a little thing like that. She admires the Boston woman and invokes blessings on her well-filled head.

Pauperizing of Dependent Children.



THE statements made by Mr. Joseph H. Choate at a recent meeting of the Board of Estimate are correct (and they appear to be borne out by statistics) there is in one particular a radical defect in the management of the charitable institutions of this metropolis. Mr. Choate shows that one child out of every one hundred and seventeen in the city is an inmate of some institution, that one million five hundred thousand dollars is expended annually in their support, and that at least one-half of this sum is wasted in that it is employed to pauperize the beneficiaries rather than to fit them for making their way in the world. Hundreds of children are detained in the institutions who ought to be set to work, the managers finding a motive to retain them in the fact that the city pays two dollars a week for each child; and Mr. Choate is not far wrong when he says that so long as the institutions are permitted to be a law unto themselves this mistaken policy is likely to be perpetuated. The evil of the system is seen in the statement that while this city cares for one dependent child out of every one hundred and seventeen of its population, the proportion in London is one in two hundred and sixteen, in Boston one in eight hundred and fifty-six, and in Philadelphia one in two thousand.

No system of charity is defensible which tends to pauperize the recipients of its bounty, and yet, as a matter of fact, this is the precise result accruing from the administration of a large proportion of the public and private institutions in the country at large which are designed specially for juveniles. States and municipalities expend millions of dollars for purposes of relief, forgetting entirely the importance of inculcating the spirit of self help, and that any policy which encourages indolence and the socialist idea of paternalism is a positive injury to society. The State must care for its poor, but in the case of children who are cast upon its bounty it has a duty to perform which is not discharged with the supply of food and clothing. It must exercise its authority so as to put them in the way of effective training for the activities of life, in order that they may become contributors to the general prosperity instead of a perpetual burden upon the public. Not a little of the improvidence and vagrancy which add so much to the perplexities of sociological problems can be traced directly to the unwisdom of our methods of dealing with the indigent and dependent classes, and we will never approximate a solution of some of the most important of these problems until we apply common sense to the altruistic policies of both the State and the individual.

The Manitoba School Question.

THE course of the Greenway government in Manitoba in appealing to the country on the parochial school question is likely to aggravate the bitterness of the conflict between it and the Dominion government. To understand the merits of the controversy it should be remembered that school legislation in Canada is within the power of the Provinces. In 1890 the Provincial Legislature of Manitoba passed a bill abolishing separate schools. Henceforth there was to be no relief from the public purse to Roman Catholics as such in the instruction of their children. At once

they began to agitate for relief, carrying their case up through various courts to the Privy Council, the final court of colonial appeal in the British empire. The decision of that court upheld the right of the Manitoba Legislature to pass the act, but also reserved to the Roman Catholic minority the right of appealing to the Dominion Cabinet for relief against any grievance with which they might deem themselves burdened. This was done; counsel for the Manitoba government and the minority were heard at Ottawa. Upon the hearing the Dominion Cabinet decided there was such a grievance, and issued a remedial order restoring parochial schools to the rights which they enjoyed previous to 1890. Manitoba indignantly and positively refused to obey the order, and it was the crisis thereby caused which threw Canadian politics into confusion, and provoked the violent and embittered discussions of the last few months.

It has been understood that the Dominion government is determined to enforce its order restoring separate Catholic schools. In order that the popular will may be again definitely ascertained, Mr. Greenway has taken the offensive; the Legislature has been dissolved, and an election will be held at once. There seems to be no room for doubt that the popular majority against sectarian schools will be even more pronounced than before. Thus fortified, the Greenway government will persist in its refusal to obey the Dominion decree, and there will follow a square test of strength; unless, indeed, the Dominion government shall recede. It is certainly difficult to see how it can coerce a sovereign people into the surrender of their convictions. And it cannot afford to provoke such a war of races and religions as would inevitably follow an attempt in that direction—a war which would reach the remotest corner of the Dominion and endanger its very existence. The Manitobans are undoubtedly right in their position; they are, moreover, resolute and self-reliant, and we shall be disappointed if they do not maintain successfully the cause for which they stand.

The Relief of the Treasury.

THE chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., is



HON. NELSON DINGLEY, JR.
Photograph by C. M. Bell.

admirably qualified for the responsibilities of the House leadership. He was a member of the committee in the Fifty-first Congress, and relinquished the place in favor of Mr. Reed at the beginning of the Fifty-second Congress. His voice is weak, and he is not of commanding presence, but what he lacks in these respects is more than made up by his

wide information, his prudence, alertness, and sobriety of judgment. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the protective policy and sound principles of finance, and his influence will be consistently exerted in behalf of all desirable legislation on these subjects.

The first bill matured by the Ways and Means Committee, and passed by the House, is to be regarded as purely an emergency measure. It is designed solely to meet the crisis which the President declared to exist in his "calamity" message—to furnish the money needed for the expenses of the government, without trenching on the gold reserve or the greenbacks which had been redeemed in gold. In the preparation of the bill the Republicans waived for the moment their protection principles, and they made this concession in the hope that the President would be equally patriotic in putting his own objections behind him. They have taken the tariff law of 1894 as a basis, and, according to the importations for that year, the new bill will add forty million dollars annually to the revenues. Of this sum, twelve million dollars will be derived from duties on raw wools, fourteen million dollars on manufactures of wool, and fourteen million dollars additional from the horizontal increase on the remaining schedules, except sugar, which is not changed, and lumber, the duty on which will be sixty per cent. of the McKinley tariff rate. The bill is limited to two and a half years, the expectation being that within that time the Republicans will be in full power and able to revise the tariff on their own lines. There is some excuse for the feeling manifested by some Republicans that the party ought to have insisted upon the protective principle and left the responsibility for the present financial trouble where it properly belongs, without taking into account the probable refusal of the President to approve a measure embodying that particular principle, but the country understands the motive which governed the majority in their action, and its approval may be safely relied upon. The Democrats of the House opposed the bill by a solid vote, being unable to rise above partisan considerations, even when confronted by a constantly increasing treasury deficit.

The other bill for the relief of the treasury authorizes the sale of three-per-cent. bonds and certificates of indebtedness, the former redeemable after five years, and the latter after three years. The proceeds of the bond sales are to be applied exclusively to the redemption of United States legal-tender notes, and nothing in the act shall be construed to repeal the law forbidding the further retirement of greenbacks. The issue of certificates of indebtedness is limited to fifty million dollars. A considerable number of Republicans opposed this bill on the ground that it was contrary to the party policy, while the Populists opposed it because it practically approved the action of the President in selling bonds unnecessarily.

Security of American Citizenship.

THE official correspondence in reference to the Armenian outrages recently submitted to Congress, shows that the



HON. A. W. TERRELL.

American minister, Mr. Terrell, has maintained with commendable vigor the rights and interests of American citizens in the Turkish empire. Secretary Olney, too, appears to have acted with great decision of purpose as to the question of the maintenance of the domiciliary rights of naturalized American citizens who have been subjected to Turkish intrusion. Referring to the fact that the Turkish government has frequently assumed to imprison citizens of the United States on criminal charges, and denied the right of the agents of this government to their punishment, Mr. Olney says:

"A fruitful source of such assertion of authority is found in the case of persons of Armenian origin naturalized in the United States and returning within the territorial jurisdiction of Turkey under circumstances suggesting their complicity in the revolutionary schemes alleged to be rife in Asia Minor. Holding, as it must and should, that no distinction can exist under the statutes of the United States between native and naturalized citizens, so that it is as clearly the right and duty of this government to extend the full measure of its protection to the one as to the other; and seeing that by our laws our ministers and consuls have express jurisdiction over charges of insurrection and rebellion when committed in the foreign country by American citizens as well as over lesser offenses of a similar character, this government is unable to forego its right in the premises, and cannot relinquish jurisdiction over any citizen, even though after naturalization he return to his native land and identify himself with its political conspirators."

This is a timely reassertion of the doctrine so emphatically laid down by Secretary Marey in the Kotza case, and so uniformly maintained by this government, and it seems to have had its intended effect upon the Turkish authorities. In one notable case in which they had convicted and sentenced a naturalized American for alleged membership in a revolutionary society they were not only compelled to surrender the prisoner under a peremptory demand from Mr. Terrell, but also to dismiss the official who had conducted the trial in plain disregard of every consideration of fair play. It is gratifying to find that the administration has come at last to appreciate its responsibility for the protection of the inviolability of American citizenship.

Goldwin Smith's Timely Words.

THE letter of Professor Goldwin Smith, published in the London *Saturday Review* a few days before Mr. Cleveland started two continents by his bellicose assertion of the Monroe doctrine as he understands it, was not, of course, designed to meet any special emergency, but it has undoubtedly served a useful purpose in enlightening British opinion as to the real American temper concerning foreign aggressions. Professor Smith declares that the Monroe doctrine has in it nothing of vulgar ambition or rapacity; it simply "imports that the New World shall be free from interference on the part of the Old World; that it shall be allowed to follow its own destinies, and to work out its own civilization." Its strength lies in the fact that it has never been invoked for selfish ends. Professor Smith says on this point:

"Of mere territorial aggrandizement I have never in thirty years of intercourse detected the slightest desire in the American breast. The Americans refused San Domingo, they refused St. Thomas, they would very likely have refused Alaska if they could have done it without offending Russia, who had been their friend in the Civil War. The land hunger, economical or political, fled with slavery. But the Monroe sentiment as to the independence of the continent has always seemed to me to be strong, and strong I believe it would be found by any one who should venture to defy it. It showed its force in the fixed resolution to eject Louis Napoleon and his Latin empire from Mexico, while the Americans have never betrayed any disposition to annex Mexico themselves, easy as the acquisition would probably be. Nothing seems to be more certain than that Canada, if she were independent and chose so to remain, might rest in perfect security by the side of her mighty neighbor. Opinion in the United States is even divided as to the expediency of admitting her to the Union. If she is the object of any hostile feeling on the part of the Americans, it is not as an independent territory, but as the outpost and the entering wedge of European interference with the American continent."

John Bull may possibly not be able to understand this spirit of good neighborhood and absence of greed on the part of Americans, so sharply in contrast with his own rapacious lust of territory, but he may find it profitable to study the present situation in the light of the facts here presented. Further on Professor Smith gives his British

readers a hint to which it certainly will be well for them to give attention: "The Republican party in the United States which saved the Union," he says, "is the national party and the party of American aspirations. At present it is out of power, but apparently it is on the point of returning to power; and if it does return, Englishmen will probably find American government in regard to national questions more resolute and more continental in its policy than it is at present." There can be no question as to the accuracy of this statement. With a Republican President and Congress, there will be no hauling down of the American flag anywhere; but neither will there be any intemperate and irritating assertions of claims which have no justification in fact.

* MEN * AND * THINGS *

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THE Elizabethan Stage Society of London has just given a unique performance of "The Comedy of Errors" in the historic hall of Gray's Inn, where it was originally performed three hundred years ago. The stage customs of the days of Elizabeth were adhered to as closely as possible, and it must have been a pleasant hour or two for the imaginative man in the audience, sitting between the paneled walls and beneath the old oaken gallery—so little changed since Shakespeare's day—watching that old-time farce-comedy, given in its early manner and with its original simple accessories. The performers entered into the spirit of the occasion, too, and—an unusual thing to be able to say of amateurs—added to its pleasure and value. Many of us who saw the very excellent production last year of Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman" can understand not only the peculiar interest which attaches to such performances, but their value to those interested in the drama; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Sargeant's success last year will tempt him to an annual revival of some Elizabethan play. Though unfortunately it will be impossible for him to do it at Gray's Inn.

The recent appointment of Mr. W. T. Courthope to the chair of poetry at Oxford has aroused a good deal of a hubbub among the partisans of various unsuccessful candidates, and every minor poet in England and several major ones (if such there be) are feeling some of the discomforts of disappointment; for a sinecure of two hundred pounds a year is not to be despised by any maker of verses—or by any man of letters, for that matter. Mr. Courthope is known chiefly as a biographer of Addison, an editor of several volumes of verse, and the author of at least one; and thirty years ago he won the "Newdigate" with his poem on the "Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Shakespeare." I doubt if his qualifications for the position will carry out fifty the tradition of such of his predecessors as Palgrave, Shairp, Keble, and Matthew Arnold, but his appointment is by no means so ridiculous as some of Henley's and Watson's friends would have us think.

I should like to question Mr. John Hare as to that very conspicuous stage "property" in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," the stove, that plays so important a part in the third act at the Palazzo Arconati. What peculiar attributes is it supposed to possess, that, though seemingly filled with fire, Mr. Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Terry, and other members of the company lean against it, lope upon it, and otherwise treat it as a non-conductor of heat? This question is asked in no trivial mood, for though I am aware of the cool temperament of most porcelain stoves, the verisimilitude of the most important scene in the play depends upon the realization by the audience that this particular porcelain stove is *hot*, and the impression is very vaguely, if at all, given by Mr. Hare's apparently fire-proof company. This is rather a small thing to cavil at, but it completely marred for me an otherwise admirable performance of a strong and intensely interesting play.

Sir Henry Irving is a very amiable gentleman, but I never care to press too hard on amiability, so I have waited for his departure from New York to tell this story, which I take from one of Fitzgerald's delightful letters to Fanny Kemble, of which mention was made last week. Telling of one of his infrequent visits to London town, he says: "I looked in at the famous Lyceum *Hamlet*, and soon had looked and heard enough. It was incomparably the worst I had ever witnessed, from Covent Garden down to a country barn. When he got to 'Something too much of this,' I called out from the pit door where I stood, 'A good deal too much,' and not long after returned to my solitary inn."

I have a little joke to tell that comes from an up-town club, the name of which I refrain from mentioning. Two clubmen were having an animated discussion over what Botticelli was. To them entered a third clubman who was appealed to immediately. "Say, Brown, is Botticelli a wine?" "No, of course not; it's a cheese!" replied the sapient Brown. "I told you so," said clubman number one. And clubman number two became dejected at the thoughts of his own ignorance. LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



"POOR LITTLE 'TRUE BLUE'!"



"MY BOY!"



"OH, LLOYD!"



"SIGN!"



"YOU WILL GRANT THE DELAY?"



"TAKE IT BACK!"



"GENERAL KENDRICK."

"THE HEART OF MARYLAND:"

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MELODRAMA OF RECENT YEARS.—(SEE PAGE 29.)
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY.



"De Fournier, without a word, stabbed him to death, flinging him to the floor with a thud."

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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XLV. THE GUILLOTINE.



DE FOURNIER found a comfortable bed at the Black Eagle and slept. Physical nature was worn out. It would have rested on a stone pillow. Soldiers sleep on the hardest couch and under the coldest sky. De Fournier had only time to get out of

his boots and fling off his jacket before he became oblivious to all the world.

He did not see, even in his dreams, the sad sight of his dear friend, the Duke de Louvet, and the faithful Joseph going to their death. Lying down at daybreak, de Fournier slept on until long after noon, at which hour Joseph and his master were led forth from their cells in the Conciergerie, with other martyrs of the Revolution, to their last sleep of all.

There had been no leave-taking to distress the two heroes, the

duke and Joseph. None of their friends or relatives had been informed of the day or hour of their execution.

"It is well," said the duke; "they would have suffered more than we do, Joseph."

"Yes, Monsieur le Duc, it is better as it is."

"Joseph, you are a brave man; you will meet your reward in heaven."

"Thank you, monsieur," said Joseph; "I am content. I have your approval, and we go on our last journey together."

"Two true friends," said the duke, with a tremor in his voice that he could not control.

"Yes, monsieur; there never was a time when you were not my best friend."

"Thank you, Joseph," said the duke, taking his servant's hand as they passed down the stairway into the court-yard.

Here the prisoners behind the railings on both sides, men and women, bent their heads, and some knelt down in prayer.

"I am glad Mathilde is not here," said the duke; "I am glad they have not told my wife."

"Yes, dear monsieur," said Joseph. "I have no wife nor

child. It is kind that they let me attend you to the last—these men who are otherwise so cruel."

"They are mad, Joseph, mad," said the duke. "One of these days they will be eaten up by their successors, who will be madder than they."

"We are wanted now," said Joseph, as Sanson, the chief priest of the guillotine, standing amidst his assistants, pointed to the stools upon which they were to sit while they were prepared for the tumbrels, that were already drawn up in the outer prison yard, awaiting their passengers.

The duke, bowing to the fierce-looking attendants of Sanson, took his seat. Joseph was permitted to sit by his side. Within a few moments the hair of both fell from the shears of the barbers of "Louissette," and the duke's high collars were cut down, so as to leave his neck open for the easier and more certain fall of the knife.

Then the hands of the prisoners were tied behind them, and they were moved forward through the gates into the outer prison yard.

There was some commotion of preparation, confusion of voices

and command, backing of horses, and selecting of numbers. The order of procession was, however, quickly arranged. The gates were opened. Here was posted an advance and a rear guard of troops. The former fell into fours and marched. The rear guard awaited the tumblers. They were received with inhuman shouts and yells by a vast concourse of men and women, intoxicated with morbid emotions, drunk with homicidal mania, vengeful, miserable wretches, flinging up their bare arms, dancing and yelling the *Carmagnole*; women with breasts bared to the sharp air that was bleak and cutting, despite the sunshine that glittered upon the keen blades of the troops and spotted the ends of pikes with star-like glints of light in which there were splashes of red. It was a wild, mixed, motley crowd, with flying hair and red caps, with tri-color ribbons and rags of every hue; with young women, almost girls, who might have been beautiful but for their distorted features; with grim, raw-boned amazons, and gaunt, lantern-jawed men in every kind of costume, cocked hats and round, tall hats and no hats, and armed with muskets, pikes, scythes, swords, and here and there a pitchfork.

"Permit my friend Joseph to go first," pleaded the duke, as Sanson laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my snuff-box, monsieur, as a souvenir of this last concession; it is in my waistcoat; they were good enough to leave it."

"I want none of your snuff-box," said Sanson. "Is this your friend?"

Joseph, with a bow, passed on, the two men looking into each other's eyes as the servant went forward.

"You are the best of us, Joseph," said the duke; "say a good word for me in that other land."

He had barely finished the sentence, as it seemed to him, gazing into the world beyond with a penitent and faithful hope, when Joseph's devoted head rolled into Sanson's basket, and the duke was assisted up the steps, amidst cries of "À mort les aristocrates!" "Mort aux tyrans!" "Vive la république!"

The fine old man, bound as he was, came down from heaven to earth for a moment, and faced the yelling crowd with defiant eyes and scornful lips.

"Let him speak," shouted a hundred voices. "Let him cry for mercy!"

There was a sudden lull.

"Man cries for mercy to God," said the duke, "not to fiends. Vive la France!"

The next moment the duke was the happiest man of all that writhing crowd—he was dead.

XLVI.

DE FOURNIER MEETS AN UNEXPECTED ALLY AT THE BLACK EAGLE.

PIERRE GRAPPIN had a humble lodging at the Black Eagle, and helped the master of the ancient tavern in his business. He had seen de Fournier come in, and had recognized him, in spite of his rags and the blood and mud upon his garments.

It was natural, therefore, that de Fournier should find Pierre at hand when he woke, late in the afternoon, and in pain. Happily, his wounds were of no particular account. Pierre had asked permission to wait upon the newcomer.

"Are you much hurt?" he said, as de Fournier turned over and groaned.

"Not so much as you have been, my friend," said de Fournier, staring at Pierre's terrible face.

"You don't know me?"

"No; yet your voice seems familiar."

"It was once; my face also."

"God!" exclaimed de Fournier, dragging himself into a sitting posture. "It cannot be Pierre!"

"Yes, it can," said Pierre; "and it is."

"My dear fellow!" said de Fournier.

"They gave me a mask, you see, those gendarmes on horseback."

"Dear old Pierre, we will yet give them masks that don't speak."

"You are sanguine," said Pierre. "There is only one way now."

"What is that?"

"The way out of Paris."

"What, emigration?"

"No; retreat."

"Desert Paris!"

"No; fly from hell," said Pierre.

"Yet you are here?"

"I am alone; my sister, thank God, is in England. I shall join her, when you and yours are safe."

"And you are thinking of that?"

"Yes; to wait over yonder for better times."

"I would rather die fighting," said de Fournier.

"What is the good of fighting? You might as well fire small shot at a thunderbolt. Fight for one thing, Monsieur de Fournier—to get away, and come back with the white flags that are gathering for victory."

"Ah, Pierre, I don't care to join the foreign enemies of France; I would rather hide my

head until the storm is over than ride side by side with the Austrian. Meanwhile, however, good Pierre, I am lame, I think; and I know I am hungry."

The dark old chamber was soon steaming like a hospital ward with hot water and lotion, its solitary table loaded with lint and plaster, and, by-and-by, redolent of coffee, and, later, of tobacco. Pierre washed his former patron and friend—washed and patched him, and dressed his hair and trimmed his beard. Then he gave him his breakfast and lighted his pipe, and made him a man again, with—for the time being, it must be admitted—a good deal of limp in his right leg, which was both cut and badly bruised. He said nothing of what had taken place that morning in the Place de la Grève, but devoted his time to advising de Fournier to get out of France. Laroche would never leave him so long as he remained in Paris. He could not hope to defeat Grébaudal and Laroche. Pierre knew all about the duchess and her daughter being at the Hôtel de Fournier; but it was news to him that de Fournier had married Mathilde. He found intense satisfaction in listening to de Fournier's account of the flight to St. Germain, and the marriage and the sojourn at the Hermitage; but he gnashed his teeth when the story ended in the capture at Honfleur.

"You see, monsieur, it is impossible to contend against Laroche and Grébaudal. You were willing to take ship for England then; why not now?"

"There was less excuse then, perhaps, than there is now," replied de Fournier; "but one can only drift with the tide."

"I have known the time when you preferred to swim against it," said Pierre. "Mind you, the Black Eagle is no longer the safe place it was. Spies and police-agents are drawing their nets over every pool, and through every dip in the most private streams. You will be wise in getting out of this."

"I have thought of that, Pierre."

"Where will you go?"

"To my wife, Pierre."

"To your wife?"

"Yes; I know a few secrets of the Hôtel de Fournier."

Half an hour later de Fournier sallied forth. He had better have waited until it was dark. Unless, perchance, Fate had ordained it otherwise. In the street, outside the yard of the Black Eagle, he met, almost face to face, a company of gendarmes, accompanied by Laroche and followed by a number of curious spectators. The officers had been investigating the locality. De Fournier had left several loungers in the Black Eagle yard, three of them members of the White Buttons; others strangers to him, one of them talking earnestly to Pierre, who, as were several of the others, was armed. Pierre was leaning on a formidable pike. De Fournier, as he went out, wondered whether this was a pretense of republican fervor or a real defense against it.

Laroche fixed his keen eyes upon de Fournier almost the moment he appeared outside the Black Eagle gateway. De Fournier also saw Laroche. Both drew their swords simultaneously, but as Laroche advanced with his guard de Fournier wisely retreated. He dashed into the yard at a run. In an instant he had the loungers at his back. Before a word could be spoken the two forces were at each other's throats. The gendarmes had no time to prime their muskets; they came on with the bayonet. In less than no time a dozen of them were *hors de combat*.

"Up the stairway to the roof!" said Pierre, backing, with de Fournier, to a dark open doorway. "To the roof! There are timbers across the street; make for the Luxembourg."

De Fournier slipped into the passage and began to ascend.

"After him!" commanded Laroche, leading the way, but pulled up sharply by Pierre.

There was only room for one inside the passage. Only one or two could combat for the entrance. The first man fell back with a thrust of Pierre's pike, and Laroche found himself in the breach.

"Give way in the name of the law!" he said, pointing his sword at Pierre's breast.

"Give way! not a bit of it, you bloody-minded ruffian!" yelled Pierre, with an ugly thrust at Laroche.

Laroche staggered, but came up again with the boldness of a wounded lion. Pierre fell upon him with a roar, as a tiger might, and literally pinned him to the earth. Drawing his pike-head from the prostrate body, he jumped upon it and stabbed it again. Then he flourished his pike and growled, and looked so much like the devil himself that the combatants fell back and were silent, as if by mutual consent, in presence of this weird, overwhelming spectacle. Pierre's face literally grinned; it was hideous. No one seemed inclined to approach him, either to contend against him or rescue Laroche, who gasped his last while they stood still, fascinated by his grim assailant. Then some one shouted,

"Fire upon him from the street!" and such of the gendarmes as could move dashed into the street, to take their chance of a pot-shot at de Fournier as he climbed forth upon the roof.

Pierre turned Laroche over with his pike, as if the government agent had been carrion, and spat upon him.

"Messieurs," he said, turning to the lookers-on, the living and the dying, "God is good!"

With which remark he shouldered his pike and disappeared within the dark entry.

De Fournier had made his way to a narrow door on the upper story. Here was a short ladder. He mounted it, and came out upon a wide parapet or gutter-way, walked along it a short distance, and reconnoitred. He could hear voices in the street below. They were evidently the voices of his pursuers. He climbed a slanting roof between two chimneys. On the other side he saw a narrow street, the houses in which, here and there, appeared to be propped with supporting timbers. It was an old-fashioned street. It had balconies and verandas and wooden shutters; and here and there a house with a court-yard, and here and there a tradesman's sign. He selected, as a desirable point of escape, a balk of timber that was stretched between a house a few yards farther up the street and one of a better class of buildings with a large balcony in front of it. If he could swing across the timber he might drop into the balcony, and so to the street; or, barring that, even find his way through the house, if it were as empty as it appeared to be.

He made his way along the roofs until he came to the plank or balk of timber. He climbed down to it and looked into the street. Not a sound broke upon the general stillness. He could hear shouts that seemed to be far away. He launched himself forth upon the planking, feet downward, making his way hand over hand. He had hardly made his first movement toward the other end of the street, when there dashed into it the men who had left the Black Eagle yard to take their chance of shooting the fugitive from the street.

A dozen pairs of eyes saw him at once. A dozen voices cried, "Shoot him!" And as de Fournier swung himself over the spot where he had intended to make for the balcony below, several musket-shots awoke the dull echoes of the place, and de Fournier dropped into the balcony and disappeared from view.

At the same moment there appeared, at the edge of the parapet from which de Fournier had climbed, the figure of Pierre, heroic against the fading light of the afternoon. He stood upright, as if he had been on the safest ground, his pike in his left hand, his right hand, with clenched fist, threatening the crowd.

"Cowards!" he shouted, in his big, clear voice. "Scum!"

Then, as suddenly as he had appeared, Pierre was gone.

"After him!" shouted the men in the street, as Laroche had shouted when de Fournier disappeared in the Black Eagle yard.

XLVII.

IN THE LION'S DEN.

It was a spacious balcony. At some time or other fair ladies might have sat there to see gallant processions pass along the narrow, picturesque street below.

De Fournier staggered as he landed here. The bullets of two of his assailants had shot away his hat. Otherwise he was untouched. He ran his hands over his body inquiringly. The scramble across the street and over hand had strained his muscles; but there was no blood upon his clothes. He had the use of all his limbs. Unfortunately, he had dropped his sword. He had a powerful knife in his belt, which Pierre had given him. He drew this and looked around him. First he glanced at the distance to the ground. This was too great for a drop with anything like safety. Nor were there any means of climbing down.

He peered into the room that gave upon the balcony. It was a large, square apartment. The window was open. He wondered if it would be wise to enter. There was a broad, old oak seat beneath the window. He might do worse than try his fortune here. While he was hesitating shouts came up from the street below. They must be his pursuers, he thought. This decided him. He leaped lightly upon the old oak seat, and thence to the floor.

A large, wainscotted room. No doorways apparent. They were, no doubt, either for secrecy or artistic effect, part of the wainscoting. Two large maps covered a part of the walls, one of France, the other of Europe. A hat and cloak hung upon a peg close by. At one end of the room were seats, a massive table with papers scattered about, and a tall arm-chair; at the other a rail was fixed, with side bars, as if for witnesses or prisoners. The whole place had a magisterial appearance.

"A judge's room?" said de Fournier, as if asking himself a question. "Or a commissary of police? I had better get out of this."

He looked about for a door, but could find

none. Then he went to the table and examined the papers.

"Grébaudal's room!" he exclaimed. "I'm lost!" at the same time drawing his knife from its leathern case and buttoning his coat across his chest.

Almost at the same moment a door opened and closed with a catch. He turned round. It was Grébaudal who had entered the room.

"Grébaudal!" exclaimed de Fournier.

"De Fournier!" responded Grébaudal. "And it is you whom the patriot citizens are hunting?"

As he spoke the cries in the street came loud and noisily in at the open window.

"I have that honor," said de Fournier. "They are your comrades."

"They are looking for your body; but some of our patriot soldiers have not learned to shoot as well as they will with a little more practice," said Grébaudal.

"It is a pity you do not train them upon the enemies of France," said de Fournier, not thinking much about what he was saying, but watching every movement of his enemy, who drew his sword.

"I must come to their assistance," he said.

The sounds in the street stopped.

"They are coming round by the stairway," said Grébaudal.

De Fournier began to edge for the window.

"No, citizen; not that way. Your hour has come. I am going to kill you. Better die on my sword than be torn to pieces by the mob."

Grébaudal was livid. He looked devilish.

"Give me a sword," said de Fournier. "Do not add my murder to your other crimes."

"What is the good of a sword to you?" said Grébaudal, intercepting de Fournier's movement toward the window, and approaching him with a tigerish look in his eyes. "Don't you remember when we once before crossed swords? A combat of your own seeking—an assassination it might have been, for you did not know that a civilian was also master of the gentleman's weapon."

De Fournier remembered it only too well.

"If my father was your father, as they say, you gave signs of his gallant blood for once, and that was when you gave me back my sword."

"Curse you and your father!" exclaimed Grébaudal. "It is God's righteous judgment upon you both that I kill you," and he advanced slowly upon de Fournier, without raising his feet from the floor; gliding toward him, gripping his sword, but with a hand trembling with suppressed passion.

"Since you are the better swordsman," said de Fournier, not willing to die ignominiously, "and claim to be a gentleman, at least give yourself the satisfaction of killing me honorably—make it a duel to the death, but give me a sword."

While de Fournier was speaking Grébaudal was peculiarly conscious of his opponent's eyes, which were fixed, not upon his, but upon his mouth; for it is there the fighting man looks for the forecasted action of his enemy.

"I have lived for this day," said Grébaudal; "have prayed for it at the grave of my mother—prayed to heaven and to hell; have given my soul for it. Curse you!" Grébaudal hissed the words between his teeth, his eyes blazing with a fury which he endeavored to control.

Then, suddenly catching at the exposed breast of de Fournier, who had hitherto kept his right arm in something of a position of defense which might mean a possible seizure of Grébaudal's sword-arm, he lunged with tremendous force upon his opponent.

Quick as lightning, and with the keen-sightedness of a man who has come through many terrible chances by courage and audacity, de Fournier crouched as Grébaudal flung himself forward, and caught his assailant by his sword-wrist—caught him, happily, with his right hand, and after a short struggle twisted Grébaudal's arm almost out of its socket. His sword fell with a clatter upon the floor.

Above the noise of the struggle came the shouts of a mob on the stairs. De Fournier, letting his assailant fall, took his knife in his right hand. Grébaudal reached out his left hand for his sword, and with a herculean effort got upon his feet. De Fournier, without a word, seized him by the throat and stabbed him to death, flinging him to the ground with a thud that shook the room.

De Fournier was moved by no feeling of revenge. Self-preservation was his impulse. The shouts of the mob passed by the door and went farther along the corridors. He thrust his knife into its sheath and was already upon the window-seat, intending to risk a leap into the street, when the door through which Grébaudal had entered swung open once more, and clicked back with a sound like the snap of a pistol. His hand upon his knife, de Fournier turned to meet the anxious gaze of Jaffray Ellicott.

"My God, it's you!" exclaimed the young fellow.

"Jaffray!" said de Fournier, coming down from the seat.

"You've killed him," said Jaffray.

"To save my own life."

"I know."

"Will you help me?"

"To the death," Jaffray replied.

"Quick, then," said the count; "strip him."

De Fournier at once began to untie the tri-color sash and unbutton the deputy's coat.

"You will personate him?" said Jaffray. "It is an inspiration! Fortune is with you. Here are his hat and cloak."

Jaffray took down from their peg on the wall the deputy's gray cloak and three-cornered hat with its familiar cockade, and flung them to the count.

Already de Fournier was half undressed. It was an easy matter for him, he had been so torn about and rendered buttonless.

To get into the dead man's vest and coat and sash was the work of a few minutes; to change pantaloons was a more difficult task.

"The change must be complete," said de Fournier, breathless with excitement; "and the beasts are coming back."

"I will stop them," said Jaffray, rushing to the other side of the room and disappearing by the door through which, a day or two previously, Grébaulval had conducted Laroche.

As he dragged the body free from its nankeen breeches de Fournier heard Jaffray directing the crowd to proceed in another direction, and the mob passed by the door.

It was a daring piece of strategy. Jaffray was back again in a few minutes. The ways of the Grébaulval hôtel and bureau, were fortunately, complicated.

"And now to dress him," said de Fournier, pulling the dead man into a sitting attitude.

At last the ghastly work was done. A mob in the street could be heard planting a ladder against the balcony, the top rung of it near the window. The pursuers did not know whose balcony they were about to scale.

"Sit at the desk," said Jaffray; "this is his chair. Let them enter. They know how bitterly cool he could be on occasions. Let them think they shot him. Tap three times on this panel and I will come to you. I hear footsteps on the outer stair. Laroche may come by way of the Palais de Justice, and he would be familiar with this habit of the deputy. Now, my friend, to prove that you are a good actor."

Jaffray left the room. De Fournier, as Grébaulval, took up a pen and bent over some papers on the desk. His hand trembled, and his heart beat wildly. It was with difficulty that he could sit still, as the noises of the approaching crowd increased, and the three-cornered hat of a gendarme appeared above the last rung of the ladder.

(To be continued.)

General Miles's Hair-breadth Escapes.

THE commander of the armies of the United States is no play soldier. The commander-in-chief, who must always be the President, under our Constitution, is rarely a soldier of any kind. But the "major-general, commanding," as the gallant Nelson Appleton Miles now officially describes himself, has endured in his own person most of the hardships, and experienced at first hand nearly all the perils that the humblest subaltern under his command, even "the high private in the rear rank," has been or is likely to be called on to bear. That, too, without being bred to be a soldier.

Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon were strategists as well as conquerors. They didn't risk their own lives to any great extent, but directed the battle from a convenient hill-top. The great Marlborough, who seemed to bear a charmed life, won fight after fight by the tremendous courage he inspired in his men, when they were hard beset, by galloping down their ranks amid a storm of lead, or leading the charge at the head of his body guard, sabring the enemy as though he delighted in the clash of metal and the gush of blood. Miles is more like Marlborough. It was said of General Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet Wolseley, that the severest wound he received in his famous Egyptian campaign was sustained when he fell off his camel into the yielding desert sands! No such jest could ever be circulated at the expense of General Miles.

I had the pleasure, not very long ago, of hearing General Miles describe in his own terse, expressive but unemotional way, two famous occasions on which he was in imminent personal peril of his life. This is the way he told of it all, as if it were a mere nothing, only an incident in a soldier's life. We were sitting face to face as I jotted down the notes from which I will endeavor to reproduce his language, separated by a broad table on which he was all the while reading reports from his subordinates on Governor's Island; now jotting down a penciled memorandum, and now raising that handsome grizzled head of his as the vividness of his recollection brought back before him the lowering skies, the cold, brown, stony hills, the rattle

of harness, and the sullen faces of his red Indian foes.

"Sitting Bull intended to kill me under a flag of truce, as the Modocs did Canby, in the autumn of '76. It was on Cedar Creek, in Montana, north of the Yellowstone. We were about a thousand yards apart, he with his Sioux and I with my soldiers. We were moving slowly toward his position when he asked for an interview."

"When this request was brought to me by one of my young men I halted my troops, with my infantry and artillery in position. I had three hundred soldiers, all told, and he had a thousand warriors. I sent him word that six of our side would meet six of his half way between the two lines. I took an officer and four men and advanced. He met me with five warriors. Our consultation began."

"By-and-by, as we talked, I noticed a warrior drop carelessly out of the Indian lines, nearly five hundred feet away, and saunter down to where we were holding council. Presently another slipped away from the Indian forces, and, wrapped in his robe, joined our group. I suspected a plot at once and determined not to be taken off my guard. The young braves, who had no right to be present, under our stipulation of six to a side, continued to join us. That they carried rifles under their robes I had little doubt. I saw one of them slip a carbine under Bull's robe, and then I felt that the time for action had come. Stepping slowly back a pace or two, with my eyes fixed on his, I said to Sitting Bull, pointing to the interlopers, who by now numbered fifteen or twenty:

"These men are too young for counsel!" His face fell; he saw that the plot was discovered.

"The second of the narrow escapes to which you allude occurred in the spring of 1877. Chief Lame Deer and his head warriors were cut off from his main force. We captured his camp on a tributary of the Rosebud, which is a southern tributary of the Yellowstone. His village and his herds were surprised and taken, there being five hundred head of stock. The interpreters called out: 'Lay down your arms and surrender, and your lives will be spared!' So the Indians did lay down their arms."

"Advancing toward their chief, Lame Deer, I grasped him by the hand in a friendly salute. To my great surprise he withdrew his hand on the instant, and, grasping his rifle, sprang back and presented it full at me. It was too late to do more than realize the imminent peril in which I stood."

"There was the red chief, rifle leveled at my heart, finger on trigger, bent on my destruction. I could see his eye on the sight. As he fired I felt as though the bullet must pierce my heart. There did not seem to be any help for it. But almost automatically I threw myself back and to the right. The ball from Lame Deer's rifle at that instant passed in front of me, killing a soldier to my left."

And the general went on making pencil memoranda along the margin of one of his post reports. You'd have thought he'd been describing a scene from a book, instead of a blood-curdling episode of his own wonderful career.

"There will be other Indian wars," he went on, by and by. "The red men haven't the buffalo, now, but they have cattle to campaign on, and they can replenish their stock in any valley. Where there are fuel and tinder there'll be fire. There are Indian campaigns yet to be fought."

Since General Miles, as major-general commanding, has taken up his quarters in Washington, it is talked of by many that he is a tall tree in the Presidential timber. His gallant bearing, dignified manners, crisp thought, and incisive language have served to attract more and more attention to his personality. There is no more welcome after-dinner speaker in the country, no finer figure in any public assemblage. On matters of public import, so far as he has had occasion to express himself, his views have been sound and sensible.

In politics General Miles is a Republican, but

partisan he has never been. He is in the best and truest sense an American citizen, solicitous always for the maintenance of the national honor and the defense of the national interests. He is as proud to-day as he has ever been of his "rise from the ranks" of civilian life. While the officers he now commands were at West Point, Nelson A. Miles was learning the rudiments of commercial life in his uncle's store in Boston.

JOHN PAUL BOCK.

A Wonderful Memory.

THE picture given herewith is that of an old Russian peasant woman who some time ago made



IRINA ANDREJEVNA FEDOSOVA.

a great sensation in St. Petersburg by the display of wonderful feats of memory. Irina Andrejewna Fedosova, the woman in question, is seventy years of age and can neither read nor write, but knows by heart over 19,000 legends, folk-songs, and poems. These she has rehearsed at public recitals, which attracted audiences representing the "best society" of the Russian capital. A writer describes one of these recitals as full of picturesque interest. "A little bent figure appears, hobbles on to the platform, sits down on a chair with hands folded and withered face quite expressionless. Amid a hush of expectation she begins to speak; then her face brightens, her eyes open widely and sparkle, while her voice grows clear and penetrating. She looks ten years younger in her enthusiasm, as she half speaks, half sings, the legends of her youth, tales of great wars, old fairy tales, long-lost tragedies or tender love-stories; while the audience, carried away by her strange magnetism, listens spellbound, laughs and weeps at her will." We can well imagine that such an entertainment has in it infinitely more of realistic charm than any theatrical show ever put upon the stage.

People Talked About.

—EVEN the London *Saturday Review* criticizes Ambassador Bayard's recent extraordinary speeches in England. It says: "An ambassador represents at the court to which he is accredited the nation which sends him there, and he ought therefore to carefully eschew, during the tenure of his appointment, all party politics. Mr. Bayard was undoubtedly guilty of an indiscretion in delivering addresses in this country in which he attacked the theory of commercial protection. This happens to be the policy of one of the two great parties in America; and to understand something of the feelings of Mr. Bayard's countrymen we must imagine, if we can, Sir Julian Pauncefote delivering a lecture, say at Philadelphia, on the principle of local autonomy, in which he should advocate home rule. The business of ambassadors is to keep clear of platform speeches on political subjects."

—The opening of Biltmore House, the country seat of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, near Asheville, North Carolina, was made a festival occasion on Christmas Day and during the following week. For days in advance provisions

were sent forward in car-loads, and everything that could tempt the taste was provided for the guests. A Christmas-tree was given to each one of the employes on the estate, numbering between three and five hundred. Barrels of mistletoe, wagon-loads of holly, and cart-loads of packages were put into this feature, and the banquet-hall was crowded with eager, happy faces for more than two hours. Mr. Vanderbilt could not have celebrated his first Christmas in his new home more appropriately than in contributing to the happiness of those who have had a share in completing it.

—The Prince of Wales appears to have pleased about everybody in Great Britain by his Christmas message to the *New York World* expressing confidence that "the present crisis will be arranged in a manner satisfactory to both countries," and that it "will be succeeded by the same feeling of friendship which has existed between them for so many years." Mr. Gladstone's message that "only common sense" is required to prevent a collision over Venezuela has found an equally hearty response in the public mind. A letter from the "Grand Old Man" as to the Armenian atrocities also attracts attention because of its exhortation of the Sultan. "There are," he says, "degrees in suffering, degrees in baseness and villainy among men, and both seem to have reached their climax in the case of Armenia."

—Owen Wister expected to be a musician before ill-health sent him roaming over the Western plains to find both health and material for profitable tales of cowboys and Indians. The comic opera, "Dido and Æneas," which he composed for the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard when a youth of twenty, is still regarded as a classic of its kind, and he may write a great play when he has exhausted his present field, for the art of Charles Kemble and Fanny Kemble, his grandmother, is in his veins. Mr. Wister is thirty-five years old, a gentleman of very elegant leisure, in Philadelphia, and his writing is done for amusement.

—Professor Simon Newcomb, of the Naval Observatory, is admittedly one of the ablest astronomers in the world. He is a native of Nova Scotia, and was a country school-teacher when, a few years before the outbreak of the war, he was appointed a computer on the *Nautical Almanac*. He was appointed to a professorship in the navy in 1861, and since that time his talents have had abundant recognition. Professor Newcomb is described as one of the simplest and most modest of men. There is no hint in his manner or conversation of the honors bestowed on him.

—A correspondent describes President Crespo, of Venezuela, as a tall, heavy man, with a countenance revealing force and determination. He is very abstemious in his habits, and generally goes to bed at eight o'clock in the evening. He is in the habit of summoning his ministers to him at sunrise. It looks as if he will find it necessary to assert himself with a good deal of earnestness in order to restrain the passions of his excitable countrymen, many of whom are indulging in all sorts of bombastic threats against Great Britain.

—Speaker Reed seems to have unconsciously given the preference, in the make-up of the House committees, to members representing States whose delegations in the next Presidential convention are not already committed. States with candidates, like Ohio, Iowa, and Indiana, seem to have had very few representatives who are qualified for committee chairmanships. There are some persons who are inclined to regard this deficiency as more imaginary than real—as, in fact, apparent only to Mr. Reed.

—Representative William A. Smith, of Michigan, having accepted an invitation to address the Young Men's Republican Club of Grand Rapids, and being suddenly called to Washington, dictated his speech into a phonograph and sent it by express to the town in question, where it was duly heard on the evening set apart for its delivery.

Life's Mirror.

THERE are loyal hearts there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet,
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet!

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,
You will gather, in flowers again,
The scattered seeds from your thought's outborne,
Though the sowing seemed but vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are, and do,
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.



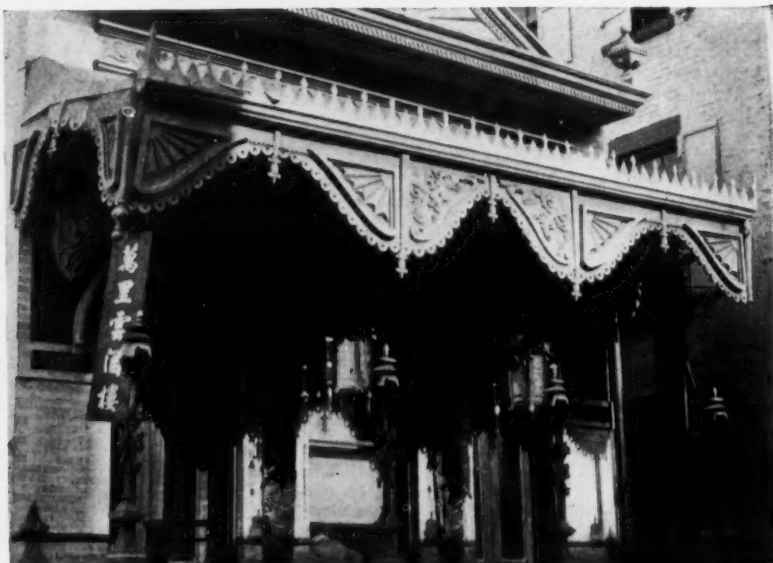
A POPULAR MOTT STREET RESTAURANT.



A TYPE.



EXAMINING THE LATEST POSTERS.



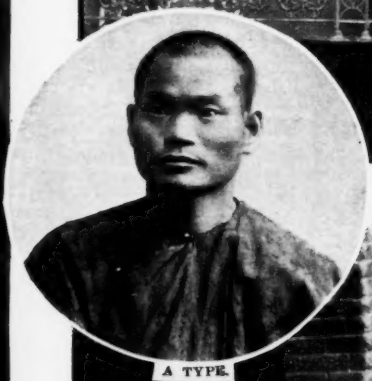
BALCONY OF A CHINESE STORE ON PELL STREET.

THE CHINESE COLONY IN NEW YORK CITY—A FIRST

[SEE PAGE 25]



EXTERIOR OF A CHINESE RESIDENCE ON PELL STREET.



A TYPE.



CHINESE WOOD-PICKER.



SCENE IN CHINESE QUARTER.



CHINESE LAUNDRYMEN.

Y-A FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT ON MOTT STREET.

[SEE PAGE 28.]

POPE LEO XIII. AND THE VATICAN.



POPE LEO XIII.

AMONG the great men now living, Pope Leo XIII. is undoubtedly the most prominent and most interesting figure. His influence on the politics of Europe during the past ten years has been immense, and it increases every day. To be received by his Holiness, or at least to have a glance of him, seems to be the chief desire of all those who visit Rome. Among the thousands who every day beg for an admission to the Pope's Mass are not only Catholics, but Protestants of all denominations, Jews, Mohammedans, and Buddhists; men of every rank and station in life, diplomats, artists, statesmen, princes, kings, and emperors. And no matter what your religious belief is, or whether you have any belief at all, you will find that nothing is more impressive than to be near this august old man. It is well known that the Emperor of Germany was so perturbed when he entered for the first time the room where stands the throne of St. Peter that he trembled like a child and dropped his silver helmet from his hands.

I had the honor of seeing Leo XIII. twice; the first time being on Easter morning, two and a half years ago. The invitation was simply to attend his Holiness's Mass, in the Sistine Chapel, at seven o'clock, A. M. The card also said that evening dress was *de rigueur*. As it took three-quarters of an hour to drive from my hotel to the Vatican, I left at six o'clock, in an open carriage—the only kind to be had. The streets were already well filled by people gayly attired in their holiday clothes, most of them walking or driving in the direction of St. Peter's. When we arrived near the bridge of St. Angelo a large number of carriages, also on their way to the Vatican, were proceeding and following us.

At last, frozen half to death, we reached the plaza of St. Peter's. It was covered with people, thousands of whom were rapidly entering the immense church. The Vatican palace is to the right of the plaza. It is an immense three-storied building, as high, however, as one of our six or seven-story houses. There the Popes have lived ever since the head of the Catholic Church, in 1377, gave up residing at Avignon. The Vatican was not then as large as it is today. Additions of all kinds have been built by one Pope after another, with the result that, far from presenting a *tout ensemble homogène*, it looks like a cluster of palaces, of different and disparate constructions, among which are gems of architecture and jewels of sculpture. As for its size, one can readily appreciate what it is after learning that it contains thirteen thousand rooms, twenty open courts, eight principal staircases, and two hundred staircases for the service. The first and second stories are occupied by the museums and libraries, with the exception of his Holiness's private apartment, which faces the plaza of St. Peter's. To one appreciative of art it takes weeks and weeks to take in all the treasures of the Vatican.

But to return to my first visit to the Vatican. The carriage having stopped at the main entrance, on the plaza of St. Peter's, we entered a large hall filled with the Pope's guards, in their odd and strange costume of black, red, and yellow stripes—the very same uniform worn by Papal Guards since the Middle Ages. At one end of the entrance-hall was the royal staircase of white marble. Ascending it, we soon reached a small door, in front of which stood a servant in evening dress. He took our cards of invitation, glanced at them, and then raised a portière of old embroidered velvet and we found ourselves in the famous Sistine Chapel. This is a long and wide room, without any kind of division. The seats on the left are for wo-

men, those on the right for men; and in addition there is a gallery for foreign sovereigns and a tribune of gilt wood for the "chantres."

All the men present wore their evening-dress suits. The ladies were in black, and instead of a bonnet each wore over her head a mantilla of black lace. In front of the altar stood the high officers of the pontifical household and the commander of the Guards, in resplendent uniforms, their breasts covered with orders.

At seven o'clock, sharp, Leo XIII. entered the chapel, looking so white, so old, and so feeble that one wondered how he could possibly walk alone. And at once, so great was the magnetism of this great old man, that one felt strangely impressed—inspired with a feeling of sympathy, of respect, of admiration, and of love. And while the Mass was going on, and the Pope was praying and reading in a clear and strong voice, one began to wonder at the immense strength and activity of this man of eighty-four years of age. As usual, he was dressed in a soutane of white silk, with a red sash with a gold band. On his head was a small red cap. He also wore red cloth shoes, on which were embroidered a gold cross. During Lent and on fast days the Pope wears clothing made of plain linen or wool. While officiating he has on his head a mitre like all cardinals, and it is only on great and solemn occasions that he wears the tiara or pontifical crown.

The name of the Pope is Joachim Vincent Count Pecci, and he was born at Carpineto, Italy, on March 2d, 1810. Pius IX., his predecessor on the throne of St. Peter, did not leave Leo an easy task by any means; he had not only used but abused the spiritual authority. Leo XIII. showed himself to be, from the beginning, as broad-minded, as conciliatory and well balanced as the other had been violent and provoking. At the time the Vatican was in strained relations not only with the Italian government, but also with those of Russia, Germany, Switzerland, and England. The very night of his election the Pope, announcing the fact by telegraph to the foreign sovereigns, expressed in his dispatch to the German Emperor his personal regret at the misunderstanding which separated Prussia and the Holy See, and the hope that friendly relations would soon be re-established. Ever since it has been the Pope's policy to bring the Vatican nearer Russia, Germany, and England. In the case of England it was especially difficult, as the Irish clergy was opposed to such a *rapprochement*. With Russia he was more successful, and as for Germany, every one knows that the emperor and Bismarck thought so much of him as a statesman and peace-maker that in 1885, when trouble arose between Germany and Spain, and this last country, hurt and wounded in its rights and national pride, was ready to go to war against a more powerful empire, the great German statesman did not hesitate to refer the matter for arbitration to the Pope, and submitted to his decision. Thus war was averted. In 1886 the Jesuits were allowed to return to Germany, and a year later Leo XIII. showed his appreciation of this by intervening directly in the German election of 1887, when he brought the whole German Catholic party back to the support of the imperial government.

Twice already has Emperor William visited the Pope. The difficulties which arose on each occasion are rather amusing to an onlooker. It is well understood in the official world all over Europe that a visitor to the royal palace of the Quirinal, a guest of the King of Italy, will never be received by the Pope *should he be a Catholic*. Furthermore, a Catholic, when received by his Holiness, takes the moral oath of not visiting the Quirinal. For this reason Catholic princes who are on friendly terms with King Humbert and Queen Marguerite never visit Italy, for the Pope, as their religious sovereign, would forbid them from visiting the Italian monarch. Thus it is that the Emperor of Austria has not yet returned the visit paid him some years ago by the King of Italy. It will also be remembered that a short time ago the King of Portugal, having accepted an invitation from the Italian court, had to cancel it at the last minute, menaced as he was by the Pope, and by every bishop, priest, or Catholic person in his kingdom.

The Pope, however, will willingly receive a foreign prince visiting the King of Italy, who is not a Catholic. Thus he has received the Princess of Wales and her children and the Emperor of Germany. On these occasions, however, great difficulties had to be overcome, as I stated above. For instance, the Emperor of Germany was not allowed to go to the Vatican in the king's carriages, so he had to bring his own carriage from Berlin. Furthermore, he could not drive directly from the Quirinal to the Vatican, but had to go first to the Ger-

man ambassador to the Holy See, whence he at last drove to the Vatican. Germany, like nearly every other Power, has two embassies in Rome—one accredited to the king, the other to the Pope. The two ambassadors of these countries never see each other, never visit each other, never communicate with each other. The one could not be more separated if one was in Peking and the other in Washington. In the same way society in Rome is divided in two groups—those who recognize the king's right to hold Rome, the new capital of Italy, and those who deny him this right, look at him as an usurper, and consider that Rome, the Eternal City, is the Pope's own, and the capital of the Catholic world. Members of one set never speak to the other; even families are thus divided, some of the members absolutely ignoring the others. As, according to ceremonial, the Pope passes before the emperors and kings, his legats or nuncios (ambassadors) always pass before other ambassadors.

Leo XIII. has never renounced his rights over Rome, but he has recognized the kingdom of Italy and renounced claim to the states formerly belonging to the church. Rome alone remains, therefore, standing between the two parties which now divide Italy. It is to be feared that it will remain so forever, as the Italian government seems less and less disposed to give up Rome, the young capital which is like a living triumph of Italian unity and of the kingdom.

It can truly be said that there are two men in Leo XIII.—the theologian, absolute in his faith, and the Italian diplomat. On all questions, religious, social, and political, he has shown his interest, and grasps them all with his tremendous activity. His letters, protocols, encyclicals on all the great questions of the day are masterpieces. Two matters have especially attracted his attention—the social and labor problems, and the maintenance of peace in Europe. His dream is a general disarmament by all the great nations. He deprecates this "paix armée" (armed peace) which costs hundreds of millions every year. "Think," says Leo XIII., "of all the good that could be done with this money, or with only a small part of it. Consider that, while the war of 1870 has cost France nearly six billion dollars, the Suez Canal, the Panama Railroad, the tunnel of Mont Cenis, and the Pacific Railroad, these great humanitarian works together have hardly cost five hundred million dollars." In one of his speeches he further said: "If there was ever a time when the ideas of peace answer to the desire of the people, it is undoubtedly now that the words of fraternity, brotherhood, peacefulness, and tranquillity are on every man's lips. The sovereigns and their ministers agree all over the world to declare that what they wish and desire, that the continual object of their efforts, is peace and concord. And they are approved by all the people at large who have nothing but hate and repulsion for wars and their consequences. Such a repulsion is legitimate and holy, for if war is sometimes necessary to peace itself, it always carries along with it innumerable and terrible calamities. And war would be at the present time much more horrible than it ever was, favored as it is every day in its work of destruction and progress in the art of killing by the variety, the precision, the power of both the fighters and the instruments which they use." Many believe that Leo XIII. will soon call upon the sovereigns of the world to disarm and to form an international tribunal to which all discussions may be referred.

The Pope has always taken the keenest interest in American affairs, and he has again and again expressed his love and admiration for this country. He is always more than kind to the Americans who visit him.

It may seem rather early to discuss who will be his successor, especially considering that he is still remarkably strong, and that several Popes have lived many years more than his eighty-five; yet it is a question which has already been much discussed.

Will the next Pope be an American? It is more than doubtful. Out of the two hundred and fifty-three Popes who have sat on the throne of St. Peter six were Germans, fifteen French, thirteen Greeks, eight Syrians, two from Damascus, one English, five Spanish, one Swiss, one Portuguese, two Africans, two Savoyards, and one hundred and ninety-seven Italians. Well, an American Pope would not be bad for a change.

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

Chinese Restaurants in New York.

THE Chinese in New York constitute but a small percentage of the total population of the metropolis, but they are so much in evidence in the streets and in their many laundries that they add not a little to the variety of the life and color in the great city. Readers of this paper need not be told that as a body the Chinese in New York and in America are from

very near the lowest strata of Chinese society. They are mainly unskilled laborers, but they are so industrious and so frugal that they manage to make their competition most seriously felt wherever they settle in any strength. But though they work hard and long, they are a very merry people, and take their pleasures with a gayety quite foreign to native Americans. And they sin, too, it is said, in their own peculiar ways, with as much persistent industry as they work. With that just now we have nothing to do, our task being merely to explain very briefly the feature which shows a Chinese restaurant in the Chinese quarter of the city—in Mott Street or in Pell Street.

There is a popular idea that the Chinese in these places live on rats and other vermin. This is not at all the case. The cuisine of an eminent Chinese *chef* has a wide range. A few of the delicacies and commonplaces on the menus of all the restaurants may be noted. Bird's-nest soup, delicious to the Chinese palate, tastes to an American like the steam from a locomotive mixed with the odor of oily-waste smells. The Chinese call it *yen wu*. It costs one dollar and fifty cents a plate. Soup of chicken and shark's fins is a luxury fit only for the rich. *Gai see yee chee* is its name, and it figures on the bill-of-fare at two dollars and twenty-five cents. Meat and vermicelli soup, called *chu yok su meen*, is a popular favorite at fifteen to twenty-five cents. Dried-oyster soup, *ho tong*, is highly esteemed, and may be had for twenty-five cents. Fish, fresh, dried or salted, boiled, baked, stewed, or fried, is much used. Fish generically is *yu*. Pigeon with mushrooms is called *mo ku pok op*. It costs about seventy-five cents, and is a delicacy that appeals instantaneously to an American palate, and at its best vies with the great works of the best Parisian *chefs*. Pork is *chu yok*. A great deal of it is consumed by the Chinese. They roast great pigs whole and suspend them from the ceilings of the restaurant kitchens. When a cut is wanted a cook leaps upon a high stool, and with keen knife and cleaver cuts off the waiter's order. Pigs' feet with oyster sauce—*chu koek ho chee*—is a dish much relished by the Chinese. It costs fifteen or twenty cents. Boiled rice, the great staple, the bread of China's four hundred millions, is called *fahn*. It is five or ten cents a bowl. The great dish that combines flavors pleasing alike to Caucasian and Oriental tastes is *chop sui* or *chow chop sui*. It is the seductive dish that calls back again and again the American to Chinatown. An American who once falls under the spell of *chop sui* may forget all about things Chinese for weeks, and suddenly a strange craving that almost defies will power arises and, as though under a magnetic influence, he finds that his feet are carrying him to Mott Street. There are very conventional persons, who have no special interest in the Chinese, who are sure about once a week to eat *chop sui*, drink tea or *tchia*, and eat rice in Chinatown. *Chop sui* is a species of stew made of duck and chicken giblets and young bean shoots. Sometimes a little celery is added. You eat it with chop-sticks, and dip each mouthful first in *soy*, which the Chinese use instead of salt. A good meal for an American is *chop sui*, some duck or *op*, and some boiled chicken or *gai*, rice, and tea. It costs about fifty cents. *Chop sui*, rice, and tea usually cost thirty cents.

An important feature of the restaurant-keeper's business is the preparation of dinner for parties. Sometimes these are very large, and the contract price runs into the hundreds of dollars. Several years ago the Chu Clah gave a dinner to celebrate the acquittal of some of their cousins who were falsely accused of a terrible Highbinder murder in St. Louis. The dinner was of about twenty-five courses, served twice to each diner. It occupied two nights, and was given in three different restaurants simultaneously. There were three or four American guests.

A Chinese course dinner begins with fruit and *ty chee* nuts, which are followed by confectionery and pastry, and the dinner winds up with roasts and entrées which might accordingly be re-christened exits. There are no ices or iced drinks. The stimulants are few, rice wine served in tiny cups being the ordinary table liquor. It is called *no my tzow*. At social dinner-parties a regulation amusement is the game of calling the number of and matching the fingers. It is called *chy moy*.

The oldest restaurant in Chinatown is that of Horn Hong Low & Co., at number 11 Mott Street. It was established sixteen years ago. The manager states that in one busy day, a Sunday, they once served over four thousand meals.

The newest restaurant in Chinatown is that of the Mon Pay Non Company, at number 24 Pell Street. The ceilings are metal, the floor is of tiles, and the furniture is teak imported from China.

The worst is a hole-in-the-wall in Doyers Street that is a hybrid—part Chinese and part American.

ALLEN S. WILLIAMS.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Foot-ball Legislation Needed.

In January of last year, after the most unpleasant season of 1894, during which the great newspapers of the country characterized the game as "most brutal," and a certain well-known player as a domineering bully; and graduates of different colleges right and left wrote in this sample strain: "I feel a sense of degradation whenever I read accounts of these brutal exhibitions. The sport has degenerated very much since the days when I was at college." I took occasion to point out the necessity of the proper foot-ball authorities taking suitable action in the interest of the game.

In suggesting what that line of action should be I gave several reasons why the game had been cast into disrepute. Chief of these was the inefficiency of the rules, and for the most part the officials who were asked to interpret them. The alleged kneeling of Wrightington in the Harvard-Yale game at Springfield was referred to, and it was shown in this connection that the habit of such unnecessary rough play was nurtured by the inaction and the indecision of the umpire.

The conclusion of this reasoning was that the rules must be attacked and provisions made whereby umpire and referee be granted assistants in order that the work of judging the play of the game might be more thoroughly done. Thus it was suggested that the advisory committee of the American Intercollegiate Football Association, consisting of Walter Camp, Yale, and Alexander Moffat, Princeton, start the ball of reform a-rolling by enlisting the sympathies and the assistance of the athletic committee of the University Athletic Club of New York.

It was then designed that this latter committee take the necessary steps to convene a representative committee consisting of not less than six different college undergraduates, and in conjunction with graduate advisers, devise some plan for the proper overhauling of the rules and making suitable answers to the vicious, and in many instances unwarranted, attacks of the press.

Early in March Mr. Camp and Mr. Moffat met in New York and voted to secure as general expression of opinion as possible from all interested in foot-ball upon the needed changes in rules. But a representative meeting of foot-ball experts never took place.

In fact, instead of a general meeting, the result was that Yale and Princeton made certain changes in the 1894 rules, and representatives of Harvard, Cornell, and Pennsylvania, independently of Yale and Princeton, met and adopted the 1894 code, with certain other changes which seemed best adapted to the good of the game.

With such a pulling contrariwise the greatest possible good could not possibly be secured in the interest of the game. The season's play showed, however, beyond peradventure that the rules adopted by Yale and Princeton were the popular ones, and held greater promise of finally placing the game on a basis to most fully meet the popular demand than those agreed upon by Harvard, Cornell, and Pennsylvania.

But no matter which of the two sets of rules was the better, the fact remains that the good of the game demands a general convention of foot-ball men which shall effect an agreement touching all points of difference.

In 1893 the University Athletic Club inaugurated the work of revision and did well. The revision, however, was by no means complete, and the rules needed, as I have already pointed out, another and complete revision.

A contemporary, writing on this subject, says (in the event of the continued refusal of the University Athletic Club to lead in this matter of a general assembly for a perfect agreement), "There seem to be but two other natural ways to bring about this much desired improvement. One would be for Yale, as champion of the Intercollegiate Association, to issue a call—not merely for suggestions concerning the rules—but for an actual meeting of representatives of various colleges at which a consolidation of rules could be effected, together with any necessary modifications.

"The other way is the formation of a union between Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Cornell, and Brown, thus providing a real intercollegiate association instead of the laughable institution of which Yale and Princeton are the sole survivors. Then we should have all questions of games, eligibility, playing rules, etc., settled in advance, and the unpleasantness of recent years, perhaps, done away with. In view of the wrangling which preceded and probably caused the withdrawal of Harvard in 1889 and Pennsylvania in 1893, perhaps

this pretty little picture of harmony may seem a bit visionary and fanciful; but it must be remembered that the conditions are much changed. We have all learned some important lessons since those unhappy days. On the question of eligibility, for example, which formed one of the chief bones of contention, all four colleges are now very nearly, if not quite, agreed. Then, again, the 'win-the-game-at-any-cost' spirit is decidedly less prevalent and potential, and there are other healthy signs which encourage many observers in the belief that better and happier times are dawning for college sports of all kinds, and particularly for foot-ball. It seems to the writer as though this last-named course would be the one of all others for these leading colleges to pursue."

Of these two ways I am much inclined to favor the former—that is, the leadership of the University Athletic Club, for any action they might take would carry more weight and enlist more enthusiasm and greater support from the different colleges. And in the event of the University Athletic Club continuing to remain lukewarm in the matter, Yale might start the movement, but it is a grave question if she could enlist any general response.

The formation of a union between Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Cornell, and Brown is all right in theory, but in practice—well, my opinion is that no amount of scheming and planning could bring Harvard and Yale, or Yale and Pennsylvania, together in 1896, particularly the former two.

Harvard authorities have declared that for two years at least all peacefully-disposed athletic relations with Yale and the wearers of the crimson are out of the question, and I do not doubt but that the Harvard men mean what they say. The agreement of Harvard and Pennsylvania to meet in field and track events in May next, when the programme will be the same as arranged by the Intercollegiate Athletic Association for the meet in New York two weeks later, would seem to be conclusive on this point.

Yet, notwithstanding this unpleasant antipathy, the University Athletic Club might, by a display of the right kind of diplomacy, call a reform convention and eventually work out a playing code by which all college foot-ball teams could agree to be governed. If action in the matter is to be taken, however, it must be taken now, for the task of attacking foot-ball rules now in existence is a stupendous one. Indeed, a thorough revision means a practical reviewing of the code from beginning to end.

It almost passes comprehension that the game of foot-ball, which to-day incites at the big matches an attendance of forty thousand people, is governed in its play by a set of rules which the majority of officials who have acted are unable to interpret alike, which foot-ball players themselves are unable to explain, and the phraseology of which is Greek to one who has never played the game, or to the youth who is learning the game in a "prep" school.

Should the athletic committee of the University Athletic Club take the first step in January—this month—a well-appointed assembly of rule makers might be industriously at work in March, and by April the work could be completed. If the movement be delayed several months the chances of any desirable results are greatly lessened, as in April the sports of baseball, rowing, track athletics, and so forth, blossom forth to attract general attention.

So right now is the time, and every lover of the game of foot-ball calls upon the athletic committee of the University Athletic Club to act, and act with decision and at once.

W.T. Bull

OUR PLAYERS

A Heroine of the War.

WHEN the war is spoken of by an American it is safe to suppose he refers to the Civil War; every other is designated by a name; that alone is "the war."

"The Heart of Maryland" is a drama of the war that divided families, broke hearts, ruined homes, and whose victories were heavy with bitterness, since the triumphant lifting of the Union flag meant the agonized defeat of a brother.

A playwright closes his eyes and conjures a vision of that perplexed and bloody time. He sees the chances for a story of heroism, unhappy love, rampant patriotism, all to the orchestra's martial music and the inspiring delusion in the minds of his audience that fine fellows are marching in thousands to death or glory in the shadows beyond the scenery, just out of the line of vision.

But Mr. Belasco has done more than this. He

has mastered the study of a woman in the midst of uniquely terrible trials fit to cleave the heart of a Spartan.

With sure and haunting strokes he has drawn a heroine who in sunny, peaceful hours would have been no more than a sweet, true, self-reliant girl—one who, when the note of battle sounds, when love points one way and patriotism another, when all of life and all of death are centred in one word, utters it for the sake of love, and brushes aside all other fealties as she would a fly; who, when she has unwittingly betrayed her lover to his foes, faces danger, almost death, and in her frantic efforts to save him tastes the very kernel of anguish.

This thrilling possibility lurks in every line the playwright makes his heroine utter. Mrs. Carter has clothed that possibility in radiant flesh and blood.

"New-Yorkers are amazed at the strides you have made since you appeared as *Miss Helyett*, years ago," was said to her recently.

"I have played professionally in nothing since I appeared in 'The Ugly Duckling,'" she said. "But how I have studied during these years! What have I not played? Why, I have run the gamut of modern heroines from grave to gay; have studied Shakespeare as conscientiously as if the public waited to see me. I knew neither rest nor satisfaction—until at last I did feel a new confidence, a new power, which can only come when one has fought long and hard."

As Mrs. Carter spoke she was sitting in a low chair, her wonderful red hair hanging in two long braids over shoulder and hand. Her most distinctive feature is her hair—the real Henner tint, which he loves to combine against black backgrounds and deep, Nazarene blue. Mrs. Carter might be called a Henner type—not only the rare red hair which no acid or dye can imitate, but the pale skin, shadowy eyes, the forceful ethereality found in all his studies are hers.

It would be tame, unfitting, to call her a pretty woman. Strictly speaking, she is not beautiful. Her fascination is not conveyed in either of these words. Her face has soul, and is as mutable in expression as the sea. Her smile, which on so many faces is a mere contraction of the lips, varies delicately—a mixture of light and shade. Her voice possesses the richest, subtlest intonations. She gives an idea of great depth and heart, wonderful nervous strength, intensity, tenacity—a woman capable of knowing the extremes of joy and pain.

"Do you think any girl could have faced such a situation as *Maryland* does—and live?" she was asked.

"Oh, yes; a woman like that could," said Mrs. Carter. "I am a Kentuckian, and I know what some Southern women endured and suffered during that unhappy war. I have heard stories of heroism equal to this. Woman, you know, is strong when she suffers; when relief comes and the strain is snapped—she sinks." As she spoke she opened and closed her hand—a febrile, earnest hand—her eyes glowed thoughtfully; she spoke from her heart.

"I love the part of *Maryland*," she continued. "She was a loyal, honest girl—such a woman! In thinking of her, in studying the part, I have settled one question quite fully with myself—a woman will always sacrifice fidelity to any cause, however great, under stress of real, deep human love. A man will almost invariably stand true to what he calls 'honor,' although, by the way, the inconsistencies in a man's code of honor are to me very ridiculous."

"A woman would perjure herself to save one she loved, you think?"

"I don't believe that cold justice, the welfare of any cause, or love of country, would weigh in the balance a feather's weight against peril to the creature she loved. I don't mean only romantic love, either—although this, of course, is greatest. What *Maryland Calvert* did to save her lover any woman worthy the name would do, for it is her very loveliness, the beautiful quality making her tender, pitiful, feminine, which makes her a traitor to her country for the sake of one imperfect human creature who fills all her horizon and all her heart. This is weakness, but it is being a woman."

"The intense situations crowding each other in this play must leave you unnerved and weak."

"They do. I have heard that actresses playing in parts that require force, the portrayal of

suspense, pain, terror, etc., frequently 'guy' their lines, while the audience, never guessing this, are weeping or spell-bound. I don't believe it," said Mrs. Carter, with emphasis. "I can't believe it. There are, of course, large immovable lines which must be followed and can't be lost sight of for a second; but no prayer ever moved a throng of listeners without first making the speaker's heart swell and ache. When I plead for my lover's life, don't you think I know from sympathy just how the sweetheart or mother of a condemned murderer has often felt when she has besieged those in power and fought like a tigress for reprieve or pardon? Oh, yes; I feel it all. Some one spoke to me of the weak, broken way in which I turn, toward the latter part of that scene, and say, 'He won't listen to me!' It is only a breath of despair broken by a sob, almost like the whimper of a child. It has been called 'wonderfully natural.' It must be natural, for by the time that line is reached, when I have almost given up hope, I am incapable of keeping the tears back or speaking louder. I believe an actor must feel what he expresses in words or he makes but half a conquest."

"You will no doubt play this part a long time?"

"In all the principal cities of this country, and probably later on in London. Listen, and I'll tell you how the play was born. Mr. Belasco first thought of the bell scene with war as an environment. Then came the question in what part of the country to place it—Maryland! Then came the expression, 'Yes, in the heart of Maryland. Why not call the girl Maryland, too, and name the play 'The Heart of Maryland'?' So it grew."

"Have you ever attempted writing a play?"

"Never—and I never will. It seems to me the most wonderful and impossible thing—to make a group of people assume character and form before you, merely from the words they utter. On the contrary, it seems as if every one ought to be able to act."

KATE JORDAN.

After the Play.

WE are an amusement-loving people, and take our theatre-going in large doses. With most of us the matter is taken much too seriously; it is an event, and we must laugh, or be harrowed with the troubles of the player, as the case may be. If we are bored we consider that we have paid to see a play, and we stay there to see it. For a spectator to leave the theatre during the early part of the evening is to attract the attention of most of those around him. It is not so in Europe. There, it is the usual thing to see the people entering and leaving during the whole performance. Certainly ours is the better way if we consider the feelings of those who are to provide our entertainment. Continual movement among an audience must be very discouraging to the actor.

This consideration of how much we are paying, and what we are paying for, has evolved a super-critical feeling for the theatrical manager to cater to. Gorgeous settings are not only demanded on the inside of the theatre; the outside must be brilliant, it must supply that desire for display, something that will tell you there is a generous expenditure for our especial pleasure. A very large item is added since the advent of the large electric signs which are built over the doorways. There are few, among the crowds which pass beneath, that realize the hundreds of dollars that are spent weekly on these advertisements. The effect produced by their strong light is startling, and the scene as the audience leaves is a very interesting one. We seldom notice these things, because we are part of it ourselves; it is all a pretty whirl that is over in a few minutes, and where a fascinating picture was, is darkness and a few hurrying attendants. A spot that was even brighter than daylight, by contrast with the darkness beyond, has suddenly disappeared. The pretty women, the well-dressed men of business, the people who are usually asleep by eleven, and those whose day begins at dusk—the whole varying crowd has vanished.

The illustration on another page is a realistic one. It is not likely, though, that the tall footman in livery has ever thought of the crowd from an artistic point of view.

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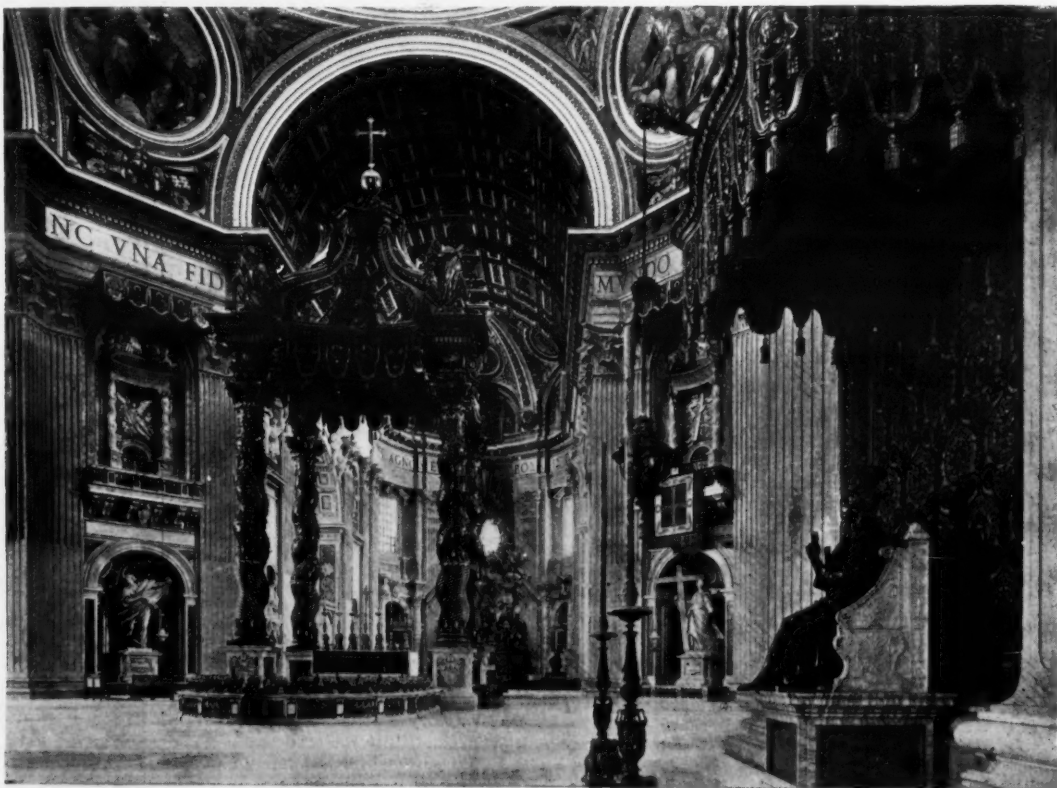
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INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, SHOWING THE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

POPE LEO XIII. AND THE VATICAN.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 28.]



ABDUL HAMID II., SULTAN OF TURKEY.
London Graphic.



ARREST OF SOFTAS (THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS) IN STAMBOUL, ON SUSPICION OF REVOLUTIONARY PRACTICES.
London Graphic.



"TO SEAT FIVE PERSONS"—THE DISCOMFORTS OF ENGLISH RAILWAY TRAVEL.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE WHITE STAR STEAMER "GERMANIC," AS SHE APPEARED AFTER HER COLLISION WITH THE "CUMBRAE" OUTSIDE THE MERSEY.—*Black and White.*



A SPECIAL-SERVICE CORPS EMBARKING AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS, LONDON, FOR ASHANTI.
London Graphic.

OCTOBER SUNSET.

The autumn woods in autumn moods
With red and gold were burning,
But o'er their blaze a soft, light haze
Showed day to twilight turning.

The purple tones the sunset owns,
Crossed by its last beams streaming;
Turned with the mist to amethyst
With gorgeous crimson gleaming.

In orange tints and golden glints,
The sunset redly glowing;
The amber shades deep in the glades
Marked first the day was going.

There Madge and I, beneath the sky
In all its golden splendor,
Marked with delight the coming night,
Its low lights soft and tender.

"No brighter scene," I said, "I ween,
Ere marked a bright day's ending;
No artist's dream could ever scheme
Such glorious mellow blending!"

Madge turned; "Dear friend, for mellow
blend,
Remember, there are others—
Club cocktails, grand, best in the land!
Put up by HEUBLEIN BROTHERS!"

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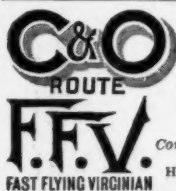
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A LITTLE OUT OF PLACE.

TOMMY—"Pa, I am going to ask our Sunday-
school superintendent to put me into another
class."

Father—"Why, my boy?"

Tommy—"Because my new teacher did noth-
ing but talk money all the morning."

Father (puzzled)—"Talked money?"

Tommy—"Yes, pa. He spoke of how the
dove brought the green back to Noah."—Judge.

FROSTY.

SHE—"Where is my picture?"

He—"I have it in my heart."

She—"Ah, I see! Cold storage."—Judge.

HIS CONSOLATION.

CORA—"Talking of Thanksgiving, what has
the poor turkey to be thankful for?"

Merritt—"Why, he never lives to see him-
self put up to be raffled."—Judge.

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Hook and Eye
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See that

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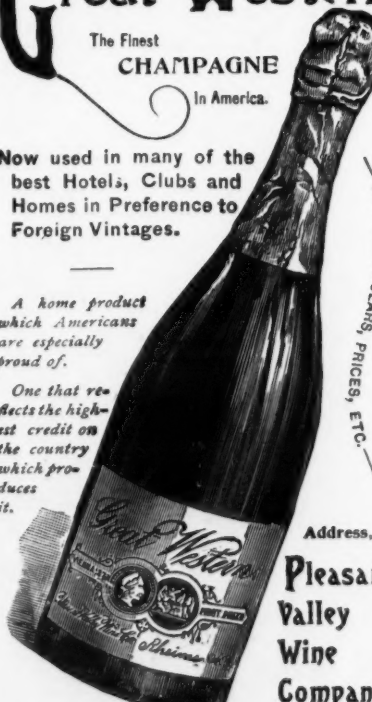
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"Indeed, in a certain class of cases it is much superior to the latter. I allude to the abiding debility attendant upon the tardy convalescence from grave acute diseases, and more especially to the Cachexia and Sequela incident to Malarious Fevers in all their grades and varieties, to certain forms of Atonic Dyspepsia and all the affections peculiar to women that are remediable at all by mineral water. In short, were I called upon to state from what mineral waters I have seen the greatest and most unmistakable amount of good accrue in the largest number of cases in a general way, I would unhesitatingly say the Buffalo Springs, in Mecklenburg County, Virginia."

Dr. O. F. Manson, of Richmond, Va., Professor of General Pathology and Physiology in the Medical College of Virginia.

"I have observed marked sanative effects from the Buffalo Water in Malarial Cachexia, Atonic Dyspepsia, some of the peculiar affections of women, Hysteria, Anemia, Hypochondriasis, Cardiac Palpitations, etc. It has been especially efficacious in Chronic Intermittent Fever, numerous cases of this character, which had obstinately withstood the usual remedies, having been restored to perfect health in a brief space of time by a sojourn at the Springs."

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.



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